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ACKNOWLEDGMENT

To Mr. WATKINS for use of photograph of Mission San Jose, taken before the earthquake of 1868, and another of the corridor of Mission San Luis Obispo.

To Mr. WILLIAM J. MILLER for full description of Mission San Rafael, now extinct.

The outlines of Santa Clara Mission were obtained from a daguerreotype taken about 1855. The outlines of the Santa Cruz Mission, now extinct, are taken from an old painting by L. TOUSSET.

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THE TWENTY-ONE

MISSIONS OF CALIFORNIA

REPRODUCTIONS FROM PAINTINGS

BY

EDWIN DEAKIN

FIFTH EDITION

BERKELEY

1902

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INTRODUCTION

THE reproductions contained in this volume represent the original twenty-one Missions of Alta California established by the Franciscan Fathers, the first one being San Diego, founded by Junipero Serra, President of these Missions. Many of them are at the present day in a good state of preservation, others are fast going to ruin, and three are entirely gone, which fact is greatly regretted by the people of the State — who prize these historic relics more year by year — and by visitors to the Coast, to whom the Missions are objects of great interest and admiration.

Study for the pictures, from which these reproductions are made, was begun in 1870, sketches and studies of the Mission Dolores being made in that year, of San Buenaventura and Santa Ines in 1875, and of those that still exist at different times between the years 1870 and 1899. Of the three Missions that are wholly destroyed, careful studies of the sites have been made.

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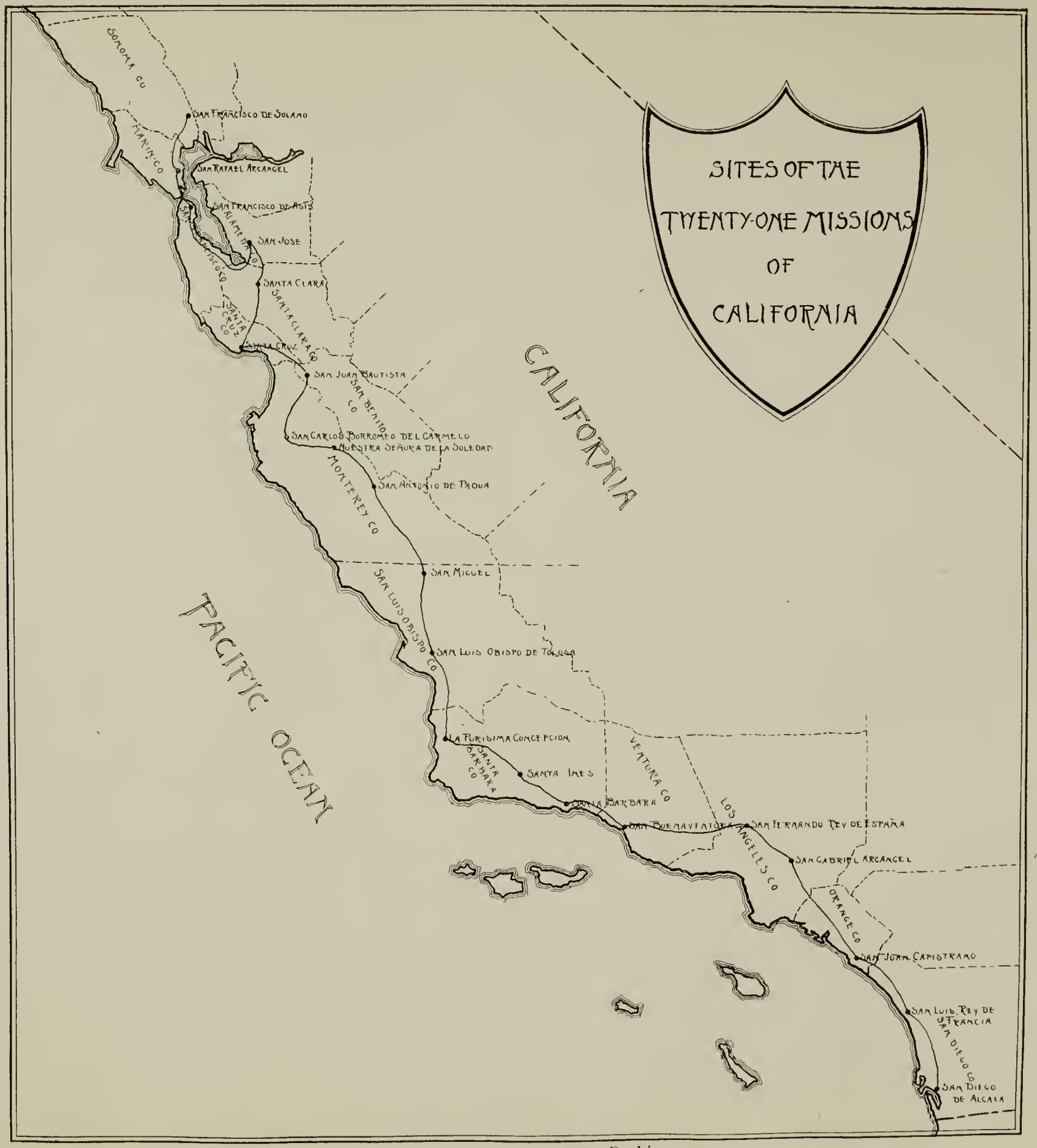

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IN order to familiarize one's self with the Missions of California it becomes necessary to recall a few facts in Spanish history preceding their foundation. A number of years before any move had been made to Christianize Alta California the Jesuits had established seventeen Missions, extending from the extreme southern cape over the entire peninsula of Lower California. Spain herself was rent by a continual struggle between Church and State, royal disfavor being particularly strong toward the Jesuits. Affairs finally culminated in a decree of the government expelling every member of the Jesuit order from whatever establishment within Spanish possessions. This was in 1767.

In contrast to the royal attitude towards the Jesuits, the Franciscans were in favor, and the Lower California Missions, which otherwise would have been left desolate, were given into the hands of the Franciscan friars. Chiefest among these Fathers who came was Junípero Serra, a veritable Cæsar in the realm of faith. For years before leaving Spain Father Junípero had cherished a dream of giving his life in the service of the more distant tribes of Alta California, and at length the aims of politicians combined to bring this about. An expedition was organized, part to go by sea and part by land, with Father Junípero as President. The two parties, after much suffering and the enduring of many hardships, were reunited on the shore of San Diego Bay, and in a most picturesque assembly dedicated the ground for the MISSION SAN DIEGO DE ALCALA, July 16, 1769. Six years later it became necessary to move the Mission about five miles up the valley, and it is this ruin of the second building which still exists, voiceless, yet eloquent of its heroic past. There is little remaining of the ruin except the façade of the church and a few walls that will not long endure. To the artistic eye, it is most satisfactory in color, rich in tan, yellow, brown, and red, unchallenged by the whitewasher's brush. It is built mostly of burnt tile, which with stone and adobe furnished the materials for all the Missions. Opposite the church is an olive-orchard, planted by the Padres and still in bearing.

The original plan of the Padres was to have the Missions about a day's journey apart; and they will be spoken of according to their geographical situation, beginning in the south.

The Mission San Luis Rey de Francia, founded June 13, 1798, is about forty miles north of San Diego. San Luis was the most extensive, and became in name the "King of Missions." It is a beautiful structure, mostly in Spanish-Moorish style, with tower and open belfry on one side of the church, and long lines of arches, now in ruins, that formed the adjoining inclosure. The entire building formed a quadrilateral four hundred and fifty feet square. The huge timbers used in its erection were brought from the Cañon of the Pines, about twenty miles away. They were blessed, placed on the shoulders of Indians, and carried until one relay wearied, then shifted to another, without being allowed to touch ground until they reached the consecrated spot. In the construction they were held in place by thongs of rawhide. San Luis gained its prominence and reached its great prosperity through the efforts of Father Peyri, whose noble traits are still held in grateful remembrance by a few Indians in the locality. Numerically it exceeded any Mission, having in 1826 two thousand eight hundred and sixty-nine natives enrolled. In 1896, after its long sleep, San Luis awoke as a Franciscan college, under the leadership of the well-known Father O'Keefe. The daily religious exercise of the novitiates in the church is very interesting.

San Juan Capistrano, founded November 1, 1776, is next in our northern road. It stands about two miles from the shore, with a line of hills for a background. The church was of stone, with walls about five feet thick. Its destruction came on the day of the Feast of the Immaculate Conception (1812), while mass was being said. Between thirty and forty persons were killed and many more injured. In wandering through the ruined building and the remaining arches about the courtyard, one pictures again the life as it was—a veritable hive of industry. Each day, governed by a routine, began with the matin-bell and ended with the evening sports. The men were taught all departments of husbandry, and the women to spin, sew, and cook. Children were

gathered into schools. To those who showed talent the arts were taught, especially music and carving. Frequently they excelled in the latter. Many of the figures of Saints in the churches were their handiwork, these often being executed with a grace and dignity truly marvelous.

San Gabriel Arcangel, founded in 1771, is one of the best known of the Missions, on account of its nearness to Los Angeles and Pasadena. It is still in good preservation, and has an individuality that is interesting. The walls are buttressed and the extension of one at the rear forms a picturesque belfry. It is said that the San Gabriel Indians were quite superior to the neighboring tribes. Their word for God meant "Giver of Life." They knew the points of the compass, and called the North Star by the musical name of "Runi." They were evidently a people of artistic traits and far more refinement than one looks for among the redmen. It was customary for them to wear garlands of flowers, and musical fiestas and contests occupied a portion of their time. Among them, as with ourselves, it was a rudeness for one to pass between two people conversing. Perhaps many a visitor to San Gabriel has not found food on which to nourish his imagination; but let him take the drive from Pasadena some winter morning. The way leads between the orange groves. To the east the blue mountains quiver under shafts of golden light. The perfume-laden air, stretches of green fields, and the rich notes of a meadow-lark conspire to pour through every sense the intoxication of enjoyment. A rest under the pepper-trees near the Mission will bring the charms of a foreign life before him. There are still growing a quaint old cactus hedge and ancient vines and pomegranates. A Mexican boy in wide *sombrero* disappears at the rear of the Mission, to be visible again through the arches where hang the bells which he rings. A woman across the road lifts her eyes from the drawn-work with which she is busy and smiles a welcome. A little child in red, whose hair is as black as night, flashes over the way, and is silhouetted against the grim Mission walls. From the quaint old hotel comes the twang of a guitar. Our wayfarer lies under a spell from which neither time nor distance may release him.

Mission San Fernando Rey de España dates from the year 1797. It stands a mile or so back from the little town of San Fernando in a vast grain country. The few buildings still remaining in a habitable condition are used by the ranch hands, who cultivate the earth to their very doors. One room is reserved as a chapel, and thither a priest comes occasionally to say mass. In the dry season bands of horses crop the stubble and wend their way at will among the rows of arches. During the days of prosperity immense tracts were under cultivation, and here as elsewhere the Padres were owners of vast flocks and herds. In the large garden were two elaborate fountains, which still remain. It was here at San Fernando that the papers of capitulation to Fremont were signed when the United States took formal possession of California.

San Buenaventura, founded in 1782, is in the heart of the busy American town of Ventura. A street-car passes the door, and all of the Mission buildings, with the exception of the church, have given place to the mart. The church has been restored and the roof shingled. Fortunately, however, the original lines of the building have been preserved, and the bells in the tower are still in use. In its modern surroundings, however, much of the charm is lost.

Mission Santa Barbara, twenty-one miles northwest of San Buenaventura, is possibly the best known of all the Missions, and was for years the only one belonging to the Franciscan order. The first building was destroyed by the earthquake of 1812, and the present structure, begun in 1815, was dedicated in 1820. It is built of stone, with walls nearly six feet thick, and the roof is tiled. Two towers rise from the front, in one of which hang the bells. A long arched corridor, also tiled, stretches out on the western side. A charming old garden can be looked into from the tower. A passage part way up this same tower leads into a strange old library, but neither into that nor the garden may a woman penetrate. The town of Santa Barbara has not, as yet, crept close enough about the Mission to seem obtrusive. Above rise the Santa Inez Mountains in throbbing blue at mid-day, or pink and purple in the evening light. In the landscape the

white towers and red roof rise against the hillside like some brooding spirit, and to view them thus is to feel them an eternal benediction.

In a commanding site, at the head of a beautiful warm valley, forty miles across the mountains from Santa Barbara, stands the Mission of Santa Inez. It is little known, as until lately it could be reached only after a long stage-ride. Forests clothe the heights on one side, and on the other stretches a meadowland. The Mission is a plain building with façade wall for belfry and shingled roof. Adjoining is the usual long low building with colonnade. Only ten arches remain. The interior is plain and white, but the heavy timbers overhead attract one's attention from the fact that they are carved in almost the identical patterns of those at San Fernando.

Eighteen miles northwest of Santa Inez lies the almost unknown Purisima. There are the old and new Purisima, but so far gone are they that they offer little to the student of the past. Old Purisima was destroyed in 1812, and the Padres, instead of rebuilding on the same site, crossed the river and moved about five miles farther on. The second building was destroyed in an Indian revolt in 1824, and the present ruin is the one which took its place.

San Luis Obispo was one of the Missions founded by Father Junípero, but here the Mission period has been almost completely obliterated. Boarded walls and shingled roofs have taken the place of the real Mission architecture. It was here that the first Mission tile was made, and the Padre under whose guidance they were formed came to be known as the "Tile Padre." The church is that of a thriving parish, but to the seeker after the picturesque it can offer little but disappointment.

San Miguel retains its original character to a marked degree. It stands facing the Salinas River, and overlooks the valley for many miles. The church, which is plain, and the customary building adjoining, are in quite good preservation. Here the long line of arches is varied by making them of different widths. The bells are on a framework, which is here a feature of the

Mission. The interior of the church is interesting, having been decorated in colors by the Indians, and remaining to-day as it was originally. The ruined walls stretching about show what a large patio, garden, and bull-ring they must have inclosed.

Mission San Antonio de Padua, the third Mission founded by Junípero Serra, off the beaten road of travel, is little known, though it was one of the finest in its day. The country for miles about is like a tree-dotted park, hardly to be excelled in quiet beauty. Santa Lucia, the highest peak in the range, rises a purple-clad sentinel guarding the ruin as it did the Mission in days of prosperity. Here the color is brilliant because of the plaster coating having been put on so thinly as to leave the tile color visible through it. It was one of the richest in its day, and embraced seven large farms, each with its own chapel. It became famous for producing the best wheat and flour. Each year the Padres erected a dam twenty miles up the river, and from this water supply irrigated the land for miles about. All that remains is fast going to decay.

Nuestra Señora de la Soledad (1791) was never one of the large or rich Missions. The building is too far destroyed for one to trace much of its original plan. Here, as at several of the other Missions, the tale still clings of a faithful friar, who, upon the secularization of the Missions, refused to leave his charge. Here he had labored for thirty years, and here he remained, sharing his every morsel with the Indians. One Sunday morning, as he was saying mass for them, he fell forward in a faint and never recovered, having literally died of starvation.

San Carlos Borromeo del Carmelo, or as it is familiarly known, Carmel, if not the most imposing, was the most beautiful of all the Missions. It was built of a creamy stone. A Moorish tower formed the belfry, to which a quaint outside stairway led. There were charming little windows of various shapes, particularly a star-shaped one over the front door. Before its restoration it possessed an almost inexpressible harmony, but that has unfortunately been marred by replacing the low tiled roof by a steep one of shingles. Within, with the exception of the side walls, it

is almost a new church. This was the President's own charge, and here the mighty Serra lived and labored when not summoned by his duty to other Missions. Here he was buried. At his death the Indians were inconsolable. For years he had guided them, not only from the pulpit, but as he worked beside them in the fields, making tiles, or as inspirer in whatever task he required of them. To him they gave their unbounded affection. Through the years of privations and hardship, illness and physical pain, the fire of his passion for saving souls burned on. Who among us can say he labored in vain?

San Juan Bautista stands facing the plaza in a quiet Mexican town. The Mission buildings at one time surrounded the plaza. The church has been robbed of its beauty by the building of a wooden tower with spire (the latter now blown down), wholly out of keeping with the original plan, but the long massively arched corridor remains as it was in the day of the friars. However the mind of to-day may disapprove of the methods used by the Padres in erecting their buildings, such bits as this corridor must appeal to the mind that thinks, the heart that feels. Every tile in the roof, stained and moss-grown though it be, seems to retain some of the sensitiveness from the hands that gave it shape, and the arches in their simple beauty bespeak for to-day's handiwork a truth and integrity that shall equal their own. Here is a charming garden, growing roses, vines, and palms. A sun-dial still tells the hour, and beyond in the picturesque cemetery more than four thousand Mexicans and Indians lie sleeping beyond the call of time. Within the sacristy are chests containing gorgeous vestments, rich brocades, and gold laces. Originally the Mission had a chime of nine bells. Only one of them now remains. The baptismal font, carved from a single piece of sandstone, is the one used by the Padres.

All that remains of the Mission Santa Cruz, built in 1794, is a small section of wall. The present Catholic church is built upon the site of the old Mission.

The Santa Clara Mission is in a good state of preservation, though much altered in restoration. It is used as a parish church, and the building adjoining is used in connection with a Jesuit college. The original frescoes over the altar are still bright, and the altar-rail is made from one of the original timbers taken from the roof. In the garden some fine old grape-vines still bear fruit. Across the road from the church stands the original cross placed by the Padres. It has been protected by a wooden covering into which a pane of glass is inserted.

Twelve miles from Santa Clara is Mission San José, which was always a poor Mission. To-day there remains but a small part of the original building (used for storage of wine) and the fine old olive orchard.

Mission Dolores (San Francisco de Asis). Of the many original buildings of this Mission nothing but the church remains, and this is so overtopped by an ugly modern church as to fill one with regret.

For more than twenty years there has been no trace of Mission San Rafael. It was built too late to attain importance; as was also Mission San Francisco de Solano. The church building of the latter is now used as a storehouse.

The secularization came in 1834, and from that time only confusion remained as the portion of those whom we may truly say "fought the fight and kept the faith."

THE MISSIONS

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SOLANO

"So fleet the works of men
Back to the earth again,
Ancient and holy things
Fade like a dream."

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